



BAD FOR BUSINESS.

The Business Man, bothered, gets madder each day,
While the band plays on!
Worried at what the wild newspapers say,
For the band plays on!

Their shrill martial airs are making war scares,
And does n't he wish they were gone;
For he 'd like to suppress the nuisance, we guess,—
But the band plays on!

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MULBERRY STREET.



FROM PUCK's east windows looking down
I stand odd moments of the day;
There is no street in all the town
So noisy-quiet, so sombre-gay.
Midway between the rush and noise
Of Bowery's cables and Broadway,
An asphalt stretch where girls and boys,
World-wise town children romp and play.
Such scenes it shows! This old, old street,
That changes slowest of them all;
Whose ancient houses jealous greet
Its few great business buildings tall.
With crape-draped flag and muffled drum,
An honor which they pay to all,
Show-like Italian funerals come
With solemn splendid train and pall;
A priest goes by and then a nun
Toward the old church 'cross the way;
And fire-engines on the run
Rattle the bones that under lay
In crypt and vault far from the sun—
For here we have old Catacombs
Deep down, beside the Churchyard clay,
Oldest inhabitants in homes
From which they'll never move away.
Sometimes in squads, sometimes alone,
The bluff, blue-coat police are seen;
Myrmidons of that manse of stone
Headquarters, with its lamps of green.
An ambulance with clanging gong,
A beggar blind and poor and mean,
Whose quav'ring voice essays a song;
A schoolboy's rasping whistle keen,
Are sights and sounds of part its throng.

Here street pianos longest play,
Here children dance with merry feet
That never tire, the while they stay;
Here creeds and types of all kinds meet,
Look where you will, search as you may—
There's no street like Mulberry Street!
Roy L. McCardell.

WHEN DR. NANSEN SEES THE PAPERS.

"So Harrison is really out?
Well, well!"
"This Roentgen discovery
is a great thing, isn't it?"
"And Matthew Stanley Quay
would run? Do tell! He'd
be an interesting candidate."
"You don't mean to say you
can't get a drink in New York
on Sunday? In New York?
Great Scott! We have our
troubles in the Arctic, but it's
never as bad as that."
"And the Spaniards were
not satisfied with Campos? Is
it possible? Why, his list of
victories was enough to make the
shade of Napoleon Bonaparte turn
green with envy. Some people
are hogs."
"And John Bull was going to fight
everybody? Well, now! And he did
n't! That's singular. How did they
succeed in mollifying him?"
"And everybody rides a bike? That
's right! It's a wonder some enter-



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A SIMILARITY.

BARBER (*insinuatingly*).—Your hair is a trifle thin, sir?
VICTIM (*grimly*).—So is your chance of selling me a bottle of your
justly celebrated hair-restorer.



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DID HER BEST.

MRS. HIRAM DALY (*engaging cook*).—How are you on fancy dishes?
BRIDGET BRITTLEWARE.—Just as aisy as Oi can be, Mum. But the
plaguey things will break some times.

prising youth has n't reached the North Pole
on a bike."
"And Tom Platt sings? Well, well, well,
well!"
"When a man goes in search of the
North Pole, he does miss a lot of fun."
W. M.

A NECESSARY DISTINCTION.

FRIEND (*reading manuscript*).
—"A poor beggar—" Why
poor? Do you know of any
rich beggars?
AUTHOR.—Lots of them.
They're howling for a higher
tariff.

HE EXPRESSED IT.

"Free silver means—" began
the long-haired man.
"Free h—ll!" snorted the
short-haired man, contemptu-
ously.

COULD FIND HIS WAY.

FIRST PASSENGER.—Don't
you think they ought to slow
up the boat in this fog? She
may run aground.
SECOND PASSENGER.—I guess she's
all right. The captain is from London.

THE CATHODE ray having become a
chestnut, it is once more true that
there is nothing new under the sun.

THE DEPRAVED DOLL.

NOW, MISS CAPRICE was alone one day.
Alone for her, and her people's good;
She'd been behaving in such a way! —
All pleading, scolding and prayer withstood,
And all reform in a rage refused,
Until the powers had sternly swept
The Miss to exile, where, much abused,
The little lady in anger wept.

At last she wearily raised her face,
And then quite stupidly rubbed her eyes,
To stare again at her dolly's place
And fairly gasp in extreme surprise.
For that young person was quite mature;
Her cheeks were blooming in redder hue
Than wax inherits, Caprice was sure;
Her foot was clad in a high-heeled shoe.

No longer mild was her glassy eye,
And, oh! how gaudy the hat she had!
And Miss Caprice, without knowing why,
Could understand that her doll was bad.
The dolly started to talk in slang,
Exclaiming "darn," and, besides, "you bet!"
She smashed a saucer with such a bang,
And would you believe? — she'd a cigarette!

When Miss Caprice a reproof advanced,
"Shut up!" she shouted; "Shut up!" like that.
"I'm bad!" and over the room she pranced
To tear the crown from Caprice's hat.
"My taste for goodness my mother spoils;
She's very bad, but I'm worse, you see,
As naughty mothers have wicked girls,
For that's the law of heredity."

They called Caprice in the afternoon
And roused her out of a faint so deep,
That though, most surely a horrid swoon,
Some persons fancied it might be sleep;
And Miss Caprice had her evening tea
With all the rest, with her doll along.
And — well, their manners were sights to see!
For both the twain were redeemed from wrong.

Layton Brewer.



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THE DIFFERENCE.

HE.—You know I love you?
SHE.—Yes.
HE.—And you say you love me?
SHE.—Yes, dear; yes.
HE.—And you will marry me?
SHE.—Of course, darling!
HE.—Then we are engaged.
SHE.—Yes, dearest; we are engaged. But —
HE.—Then why not announce it?
SHE (*decidedly*).—That is just what I do not want to do.
HE (*persistently*).—But why not?
SHE (*desperately*).—Well, if you must know, I will tell you.
Just as soon as people hear you are engaged, all the girls in town
will be running after you.
HE (*with a little smile of vanity*).—But, my dear, you have
confidence enough in me not to doubt me, even if they do run
after me, have you not?
SHE (*doubtfully*).—Oh, yes! but —
HE (*triumphantly*).—Then we'll consider that matter
settled; and —
SHE.—No; not by any means. There is something else.
HE (*impatiently*).—What is it this time?
SHE (*hesitatingly*).—Well, if you must know — just as
soon as it is known that I am engaged —
HE (*with a world of tenderness*).—My darling! Don't
you think that I, too, can trust you?
SHE (*very calmly*).—I was going to say, that, just as soon
as it is known that I am engaged, not a man in our set will have
anything to say to me!

Graham Dewey.

A BOY'S DEFINITION.

TEACHER.—What does translucent mean?
VOICE FROM THE BACK SEAT.—Something that you can only put
your fist half-way through.

NECESSITY is the mother of all inventions, except the folding bed.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, what does "conservative" mean?
MR. CALLIPERS.—About the same as "hide-bound," my son.

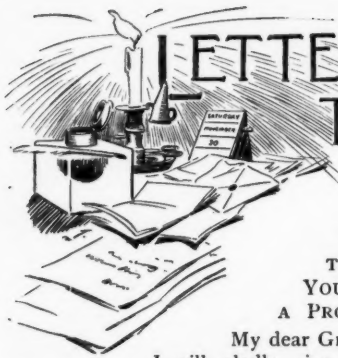


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NO TIME FOR EMANCIPATION.

MR. NEWERA.—I thought your wife was a New Woman.
MR. MUCHBLEST.—Well, she was. But she has sort of given it up.
MR. NEWERA.—What made her give it up?
MR. MUCHBLEST.—The new baby.

LETTERS WE'D LIKE TO WRITE.



No. 5.

LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN OF PATRIOTIC TENDENCIES, WHO WANTS YOU TO USE YOUR INFLUENCE WITH A PROMINENT PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

My dear Grabley:—

I will gladly give you the letter you ask to the Hon. Mr. Slate, if, after consideration of the few statements which I intend to lay before you, you conclude that you have any use for it whatever.

It is quite true that the Hon. Mr. Slate and I are Boyhood's Friends; that we went to school together; and I believe that it is even true that we swore an eternal and inseparable friendship just before we both of us got sacked in our endeavors to enter college.

But, granted that all this is true, many years have passed since then. My friend Slate has gone on almost to the top of an ambitious career. He has held office after office, and is now a great political power, who makes and unmakes office-holders at his will.

I have gone on in my quiet and plodding way, as a leather merchant, and the only distinction I have gained is recorded in the columns of the Mercantile Agency books. That this is not an inconsiderable distinction is proven by the fact that whenever the Hon. Mr. Slate meets me, he hails me with exceeding warmth and kindness; asks me how many children I have; wishes that Mrs. Drysalt and Mrs. Slate could get together, and wants to know if I can't make a date to dine with him at his club.

These outward appearances of cordial friendship have doubtless deluded you into the belief that I have a "pull" with the Hon. Mr. Slate. What that pull amounts to you can readily find out, though at some cost to your time and temper, if you elect to take my letter. You will have only to present it to be led from the hungry waiters in the great man's ante-room, and conducted into his august presence. He will shake you warmly by the hand. He will tell you how much he thinks of me, and how he always enjoys meeting me; and he will tell you that although he personally has not the slightest influence in the matter, he is sure that the authorities must look favorably upon my recommendation. Then he will call up his private secretary and a couple of chief clerks and have your papers endorsed and filed with such state and grandeur as to make you think that you are going through to Washington on a Special Limited Express. At his suggestion, you will call some time toward the end of next week, and you will find him engaged upon important business. Next week he will be out; next: out; next: out; next: gone to Cincinnati; next: "don't know when he will be in,"—and in the end, my dear Grabley, you will know that heart-breaking ante-room as sadly well as the rest of the poor wretches who sit there with you.

That is all my pull with the Hon. Mr. Slate. It is quite at your service. When the next campaign fund comes to be raised, I may have something more substantial in the pull line; but if I do, I shall probably want to use it in behalf of my eldest son.

Yours very truly,

Peter Drysalt.

No. 6.

LETTER TO A FRIEND WHO IS ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOU MEET AN UNKNOWN BUT HIGHLY PROMISING POETESS RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, AND NOW STAYING AT THE FRIEND'S HOUSE.

My dear Goodthing:—

I shall be perfectly delighted to comply with your request, and to meet the Michigan lady of genius, if you will only, on your word of honor, guarantee me a few little things which I consider as strictly essential to harmony, under the circumstances:



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HIS DEFINITION.

IKEY.—Fader, vot is spondaneous compustion?

FADER.—It's a gag vot some beeeple gif der insurance gompnies.



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SHE AGREED WITH HIM.

DRY-GOODS CLERK.—We are selling these goods, Madam, at ridiculous prices—

CUSTOMER.—I should say so! I can buy them cheaper in half a dozen places.

She must have herself dressed within seven years of the prevailing styles.

She must wear balloon sleeves. (When you get used to them, the skimpy ones look improper without being interesting.)

She must not ask me who is my Favorite Among the Poets. They leave me alone, and I let them alone; and there is no occasion for any invidiousness.

She must feel quite sure in her own mind that it is for my own plain self that she wants to know me, and not for the three editors, six sub-editors, and two publishers whom I happen to know at my club.

Of course, it is unnecessary to say, that she must enter into substantial bonds not to read or recite any poem, or colorable imitation thereof, at any period during the interview.

Yours carefully,
Ben Thayer.

ALL FOR HONOR.

ETHEL.—George, won't you take me to the Saturday matinée?

GEORGE.—My oath to the union won't permit it; we patronize only houses that close on that day at 12 M.

MYSTERIOUS.

MR. SAWFTY.—Miss Rose, you told me your father had a mastiff that would tear up a lion.

MISS ROSE.—Oh, yes; I believe he would.

MR. SAWFTY.—How strange! When I came in the gate this evening, he just sniffed at me and walked off.

THE SUCCESS OF A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

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WEARY WALKER.—Say, Nippers, old boy, dis is a hard, cold world fer keeps! I hain't struck a angel ter day.



"What's dat yer got? A ham bone? You jess hold right onter dat. I've got a game dat I'm a-goin' ter try on round de corner."



PEDESTRIAN.—Hi, there! What do you mean by trying to take that bone from that poor, half-starved dog?

WEARY WALKER (*pathetically*).—He may be half-starved, gent; but I'm all starved. It's better a dog should die dan a human being, ain't it?

A RARITY.

POET.—I have here a sentimental poem that does n't commence with the words "Only a—"

EDITOR.—Here, gimme it quick! Don't go!! I'll give you a dollar a word for it!!!

BRINGING HIM TO LIMERICK.

MISS GLADYS MORK.—Are you really going to take a bowie-knife with you when you go buggy-riding with Whoop Rawson, Sunday afternoon? Surely you are not afraid of him, after keeping company with him for three months?

MISS DAISY CUSACK.—No; but I'm going to make him propose before we get back, or know the reason why.



CHORUS OF SYMPATHETIC PEDESTRIANS.—A man who would fight with a dog for a bone must certainly be hungry.



WEARY WALKER (*five minutes later*).—Tell yer what, Nippers—dey 's Nerpoleons of Finance, an' Nerpoleons of War, an' Nerpoleons of Art; but when it comes to Nerpoleons of my perfession, your Uncle Weary fills de basket right to de top!

UNAVOIDABLE.

CITILY.—I see that your auction of Lonely-wood lots was postponed, the other day. Anything serious the matter?

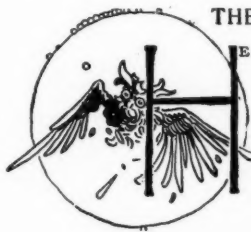
COMMUTER.—Oh, no; only there was an unusually high Spring tide.

VERY LIKELY.

MR. J. BRONSON CLOVES.—I wonder why she asked me if I drank?

SHE.—She wanted to know if you were truthful, I suppose.

THE PERILS OF VERSATILITY.



HE SENT a squib, — he thought it was fine, —
To "Fun for Funny Folks,"
But they returned it with this line:
"We publish only jokes."

He sent a sonnet, which he thought
Quite full of master-strokes,
To "Poesy." The next mail brought:
"We never publish jokes."

Charles Battell Loomis.

FRAUD.

HANGITUP.—This overcoat is n't what you represented it to be.

HANDMEDOWN.—How's that?

HANGITUP.—You said it was a bargain at forty dollars, and I can't get over ten dollars on it.

KNEW THE BREED BETTER.

JABE GORMLEY.—I've writ to the editor of the *Clarion* a dozen times to send me the bill of what I owe him fer subscription, and he never answers me. What do you think of that?

THE POSTMASTER.—I think it's a blanked lie!

ONE THING LACKING.

"Was n't he a good man?" was asked about a church member who had been expelled.

"Yes," was the reply; "but he was n't orthodox."

MAN is the highest animal; but he spends more of his time in a hole than the woodchuck.



THE WORM TURNS.

CONDUCTOR.—Did I get your fare?

PASSENGER.—I guess you did. I did n't see you ring it up.

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OF LEONORE.



THOUSAND charms hath Leonore,
But, evil is the hour
When, casting all his idols o'er,
A lover owns their power.

Too soon some love-arresting balm
He searches to discover;
For Leonore doth wish each charm
To bring to her a lover.

F. S. Bailey.

A BENEFICIARY.

WOGGLEBAUM (*pointing to placard, "Special Favors for Germans"*).
—Ish dot an authentic sdatement?

FANCY GOODS DEALER.—Yes, sir; it is!

WOGGLEBAUM.—Den lendt me fif' tollers. I vos only two years
from Stuttgart.

PARENTS, UNACCOMPANIED by their children, should not be admitted
to the circus.



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WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Photograph, sir?

CUSTOMER.—Yes, sir.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Inside or outside, sir?

THIS SOUNDS ODD.

JIMSON.—Brownkins has bought a bicycle.

SIMPkins.—Ah! that 's why he is coming to the office
nowadays in a hack.

PRINCIPALLY IN NAME.

MRS. CAWKER.—Were there many people at the meet-
ing you attended last night?

MR. CAWKER.—About thirty or thirty-five.

"What sort of a meeting was it?"

"A mass meeting."

CONDUCTOR KILLEM.—Life, me boy, is just like a trolley car.

HIS SON.—How 's that, Par?

KILLEM.—'Cause there 's always plenty of room up in front for some-
body.

NEW YORKER.—I tell you, Jones is just coining money out in Omaha.
TRAVELING ENGLISHMAN (*overhearing and writing in note-
book*).—"Counterfeiting is so extensively practised in the United States
that the citizens openly speak of it on the streets."



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A HORRIBLE OUTLOOK.

MR. FIDGETS.—I am going to move out of this house as soon
as possible. Our new neighbors next door had a piano taken in
their house to-day.

MRS. FIDGETS.—I don't see why you should move on that
account.

MR. FIDGETS.—But they have an eight-year-old girl, and they
advertised for a music teacher this morning.

MORE INFORMATION WANTED.

MISS GIDDEY.—Do you think I would succeed on the stage?

MR. TRIVVET.—Don't know, I 'm sure. What 's your scandal?

WHEN THERE is no possible way of laying the blame on some one
else, boldly acknowledge your mistake; it gives the world a good
opinion of your moral courage.



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A SORE SPOT.

ALKALI IKE.—He accused me of havin' been tarred-an'-feathered an' run
out of town, down in Texas, about four years ago.

JUDGE STRINGER.—Well, that did not warrant you in trying to shoot him.

ALKALI IKE.—Huh! I reckon if you had been tarred-an'-feathered an' run
out of town, yourself, you 'd be jest as touchy about it as I am!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A SURVIVAL OF BARBARISM.

THERE ARE two kinds of Jingo, — the fool and the scoundrel. Let us consider the more dangerous, which is the first: — the man who believes in war for war's sake. The type is ably drawn in an essay entitled "True American Ideals," written by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and printed in the *Forum* of February, 1895. Briefly, the essayist exalts the act of taking human life in battle, and sneers humorously at the cravens who deprecate human butchery. The nation would be incalculably poorer to-day, he thinks, had the trouble of '61 been adjusted without war; for: "Besides the material results of the civil war we are all, North and South, incalculably richer for its memories." The aversion to war is "in its very essence debasing and lowering." This kind of Jingo is honest. It is not his fault, that he is an active, ardent brute with a craving to let blood; nor that his highest ideal of the way to civic greatness is what enlightened men call low. But his very honesty makes him a foe to the State, for he tries to spread a malignant itch over all the body politic. Age may cure him of his lust for blood; but let us note that right now his Jingoism emboldens political tricksters in Congress to trifle recklessly with the honor and lives and fortunes of their seventy million employers.

Unless "civilization" is a meaningless association of letters we see in this kind of Jingo an unhappy freak of evolution. The brute instincts of a long-gone age have endured to blend perversely with the Nineteenth Century intelligence. He feels the primitive emotion of tribal jealousy and calls it "patriotism." In truth, his spiritual faculties are too rudimentary for him to feel real patriotism, or even to understand what the word means. His idea is that patriotism is a love of fighting and adventure. He can not see that war is a social disease. To him it is a recurrent period of normal, wholesome activity. As Mr. Roosevelt argues: courage, daring, loyalty, — all these are good. War calls them into play; therefore war is good. And therefore, too, are fires and railroad accidents good. The skill and daring of the brave firemen are taxed; and the Christ-like courage of the engineer who dies clutching his throttle that those behind him may live. And would these qualities diminish if railroad operation were perfected and all buildings made fire-proof? So must say the consistent Jingo. And yet the "one increasing purpose" that runs through all the ages is working to these ends, as well as to the end that murder may become a lost art.

How pitifully heathenish is the Jingo's belief that Almighty God so made men that their killing of one another is a fine and laudable thing! And how incongruous this belief in a white man who has learned to hide his nakedness, attended a public school and read the Bible. Yet the Jingos count this nation richer for the war of the Rebellion; "not alone in material results," says Mr. Roosevelt, "but in memories. We are richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle." Words more abominably false, more brutally inhuman, more shamefully base, were never written. That war was a cruel, horrible necessity, and we are poorer for it. It left black hatreds that rankle even now, when the commander of our Northern soldiers refuses to let them march with their brothers of the South. We have memories, but of what? The widows and fatherless can tell; and we think they would give up those memories if their dead could come back, — if the Cause that bade them die had never cursed the land. We think they would even give up the war poems and war dramas and war stories which this poor devil of a Jingo thinks more than atone for their losses. The battle of Gettysburg was fought in the first three days of July, 1863. At one time ten thousand men and one woman lay dead upon the field, while thousands more men lay mangled and bleeding, waiting, with the buzzards that hovered above them, for pitying death. That is one of our wealth of memories, — forty thousand Americans made into carrion in three days. There is another memory of the following November 19th, when the National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated. There the great Lincoln came. He was not a Jingo. He was a good man who loved his country. He was not boastful or vainglorious, — he did not celebrate the virtues of fratricide. Sorrowfully he spoke a benediction that will live and glow so long as there is an American left; a prayer that ought to make petty fuss-mongers like our essayist burn with shame. But we think, even had he divined the lasting wonder of his simple words, that

he would have given up the chance to say them if he could have decreed that there had been no battle of Gettysburg and no battles at all. He was too close to that sickening horror, — the rotting bodies of forty thousand good men; and he was too close to the fathers and mothers and wives who yet mourned their dead. And he was not a Jingo. Americanism to him meant something better than fighting and killing.

In Congress the professional Jingo betrays his trust because he has magnified the importance of the natural Jingo, and thinks that all the people are gone blood-mad. Poor, weak-headed Chandler, for instance, half-fool and half-politician, can not realize that his periodic declarations of war excite the contemptuous amusement of those good citizens that hear of them. He and his fellow Jingos do not seem to realize that Americans are a sober, reflective, industrious, patriotic people who are not easily fooled; who would fight now as readily and fiercely and bravely as ever, — for a Cause; but who will fight for no politician's cause, and who resent the Jingo's cheap and nasty charge of un-Americanism. The professional Jingos will do well to study the people's attitude toward them closely. They are impatient with idle war talk, and they are watchfully noting the neglect of their home interests. They do not believe an aversion to war is ignoble. They do not believe, as Mr. Roosevelt does, that it is "lowering" to want to live in peace and Christian unity. They do not believe a man is contemptible who hesitates to kill his kind; and they do not believe that a civic existence without war, "the enjoyment of mere material prosperity," is debasing. There are sterling patriots among them who never cut a throat and never shot a fellow man's head off, — and never longed to. In a word, they have learned these truths: that the man who talks war for its uplifting influence is a poor, savage fool; that the man who talks war with a single thought of his own or his political party's place or prestige is a scoundrel and a traitor. And they have given plain signs in the last five years that they have learned to vote with intelligence.

MONEY TALKS, especially after it buys a seat in the United States Senate.



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THE REASON WHY.

CHICAGO MAN (*proudly showing his city to NEW YORKER*).—Yes; we have the highest buildings in the world; and, would you believe it, the higher up the rooms the more the demand for them.

NEW YORKER (*who does n't like the town*).—I have no doubt of it. I suppose people like to get as far out of this place as possible.



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OUT OF A CLEAR SKY COMES

PUCK.



COMES A FIERCE NOR'WESTER!

J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.



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DOING HIS BEST.

MRS. SLOCUM (to her husband's CHUM).—Tom, I wish you could break George of playing poker.
THE CHUM.—I did break him, only last night.

SUGGESTED BY RABBIT STEW.



"I AM A TRIFLE late this evening," said the Star Boarder, as he took his seat at the dinner table. "I see you are all nearly through your soup, while our young friend of the silk-counter has already commenced on his—but what is that? It looks something like chicken fricassee, and yet somewhat unlike it."
"That is rabbit stew, Mr. Spatts," replied Mrs. Small.
"Indeed!" replied that gentleman, as if struck with sudden misgivings; "where is the cat? But let that pass," he added, hastily, as he caught the landlady's frown.
"What has the cat to do with rabbit stew?" asked the music teacher.
"Oh, nothing; nothing whatever, I assure you!" Mr. Spatts replied, with much vehemence. "By the way, that rabbit stew reminds me of a conversation which took place in the barber-shop to-day."

"How could there be any correlation of ideas between a rabbit stew and a barber-shop?" asked the silk-counter clerk, with a fine disdain.

"I am glad you asked me that, sir," replied the Star Boarder, as he carefully buttered a hot biscuit. "I might have neglected to furnish the diagram had you not reminded me of it. This is the way it goes: Barber-shop, hair; rabbit, hare—h-a-r-e, you understand. See?"

The silk-counter clerk saw, but apparently failed to appreciate the sight. The Star Boarder went on:

"I was having my hair cut. The tonsorial artist snipped away until he was satisfied with the appearance of my head, and then he asked me to look in the mirror and see if I was satisfied. I said no. The barber seemed surprised, for the work suited him exactly. He asked what the matter was, whereupon I said:

"You have cut it too short. Cut it longer, please!"

"What an idiotic answer!" commented the silk-counter clerk.

"But was n't that a very difficult order to obey?" asked the music-teacher.

"Ordinary barbers would have found it exceedingly difficult, but my barber is a smart man, and he actually followed my instructions."

"After cutting your hair too short he cut it longer!" repeated the silk-counter clerk, in astonishment. "How could he do that?"

"Well, he did it. He cut it fully five minutes longer."

Then the subject was dropped by common consent.

William Henry Siviter.

REASONABLE.

BROWN.—It strikes me that the people in the Weather Bureau ought to get very large salaries.

SMITH.—Why?

BROWN.—To compensate them for the mortification of having their predictions so often falsified.

AT THE TWILIGHT SOCIAL'S SOIREE.

ASSISTANT CHIEF.—W'y hev youse got on sich big kid gloves, Duffy?

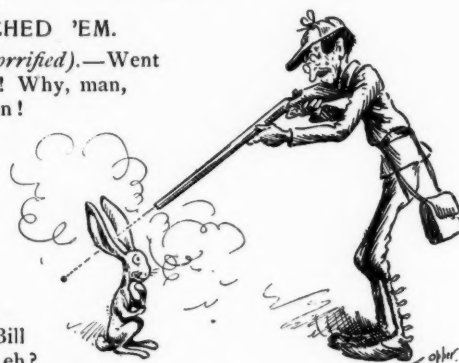
DUFFY (floor manager).—How 'm I goin' t' settle de disputes dat may arise 'tween de gents dis eve, if I don' go pripared? I've got my brass knucks on under dese kids.

NEVER TOUCHED 'EM.

OLD SPORTSMAN (horrified).—Went out rabbit hunting! Why, man, it's the close season!

You can't shoot rabbits now.

AMATEUR HUNTER (weakly).—Ye-s; so I found out.



HIGH IN THE PROFESSION.

FIRST BURGLAR.—So Bill would n't go into this job, eh?

SECOND BURGLAR.—No; he's taken up banks for a specialty, and he won't touch a private residence any more unless it belongs to a multi-millionaire.

ALL THE world's a stage, and too many of the actors suffer from the delusion that they are being called before the curtain to make a speech.



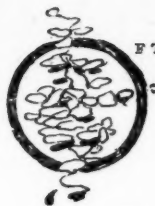
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A COMPLETE DEFENCE.

HIS HONOR.—Prisoner, you are charged with sending threatening letters through the mail.

COUNSEL.—Your Honor, we admit the letters, but the intent must govern. I shall prove that my client is a professional pugilist.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.



FROM THE vault of heaven we often hear;
Its meaning we've solved at last;
When the cow jumped over the
moon, 't is clear,
That along that route she passed.

This explanation no man may
doubt,
Nor the wisest of them gainsay;
Its name alone would point it out —
For we call it the *Milky Way*.

Roe L. Hendrick.

GRATIFIED.

HIS SECRETARY. — A number of people have
stated that they can't understand that speech of
yours on the currency question.

HON. MR. CHINMUSIC. — Indeed? I thought
I'd got that speech about right.

IN MADRID.

THE MINISTER OF WAR. — Have you com-
pleted that cipher code for the use of the Cap-
tain-General in Cuba?

CLERK. — Yes, your Excellency. Shall I
read it?

THE MINISTER. — If you please.

CLERK. — "Chestnut — the insurrection is
practically suppressed."

"Rats — send me ten thousand more troops."

ONE ADVANTAGE.

FIRST CITIZEN. — I'm in favor of a short cam-
paign.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Yes; it gives people less time
to find out things about the candidate.

WE KNOW ABOUT IT.

There's nothing new beneath the sun,
And in Science it's the same;
For you often find the "X raise" made
In a quiet little game.



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A PROGNOSTICATION.

LITTLE MRS. JUSTWED. — And, do you know, my husband never
even thinks of so much as going for a scuttle of coal without first
kissing me!

OLD MRS. HORNBEAK. — In about two years, my dear, you may
consider yourself lucky if he gets the coal.

DEPENDS ON THE EMERGENCY.

FIRST CITIZEN. — Jones is a howling Jingo. I wonder
if he'd go to the front in an emergency.

SECOND CITIZEN. — He would, if the emergency con-
sisted of an attack on the rear.

THE POINT OF ABSORPTION.

"Mrs. Van Scrawl's society novel is out.
It's a little prosy in the first chapters,
but when you get near the middle the
plot thickens."

"Yes; that's where I stuck in it."

SELF-CONVICTED.

BLOSSOM (under the influence). —
We arah zhe peoplesh!

VOICE. — Who says so?

BLOSSOM. — Who shays sho — We
admith it.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE
RIGHT PLACE.

MAYOR (making up the slate). — And
now, what shall we do for old man
Grubbs? We've promised him an in-
spectorship of something or other.

PRIVATE SECRETARY. — Why, the
ignorant old duffer can't read or write.

MAYOR. — Oh, well; we've promised
him a place — put him on the Board of
Education.

THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

CANVASSER (in Maine). — Can't I
sell you the new "Life of Napoleon?"
Most wonderful account of the achieve-
ments of the "Little Corporal —"

FARMER. — Thought he was a major. But,
anyhow, young man, we're all for Tom Reed
round here, and you'll find your man Mc-
Kinley ain't in it.

NOTHING ESCAPES HER.

"Slowly England's sun was setting;"

"Curfew" opens in this way;

And from the remark we gather

Britain claims the orb of day.



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TASTES DIFFER.

PLUGWINCH. — Business is reviving.

CHOLLY. — Deah me! What peculiah tastes you must have! I think
it must — aw — be extremely depressing!

Yale Mixture
Smoking Tobacco

A delightful blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana,
Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright
Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg
Bros. Celebrated Brand "Pickings"

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Whiskey
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USE.

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It's the Rattan that
makes it what it is.
Souvenir pin, the sensation of the
CYCLE SHOW, sent FREE on receipt
of 4c. in stamps.
HULBERT BROS. & CO.,
26 West 23d Street, New York.

From the days of the
Warwick Knight,
Whose fame and
honor bright,
Made them of men supreme,
By deeds that
wonderous seem.

Up to the present time
This name's stood
forth sublime,
Descended now to the
Warwick Wheel,
That nineteenth
century steed
of steel.

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A "WARWICK" THE BICYCLE THAT IS
"BUILT ON HONOR"

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CATALOGUE FREE

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S-O-H-M-E-R.

On Bosworth Field
King Richard cried:
"My kingdom for a horse!"
But times have changed—
To-day he'd want
A Monarch wheel, of course.

MONARCH

KING OF BICYCLES

and a wheel fit for a king. Made in 4 models. \$80 and \$100. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the *Defiance* is made in 8 models, \$40 to \$75. Send for Monarch book.

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ton Sts., CHICAGO

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A SPECIAL MADE BICYCLE.

Made by Experts of 17 Years.



FANCY what a frightful gap there would have been in the Welsh language if the letter "1" had never been invented! — *Norristown Herald.*



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SHE.—They say that man Chatterton has a double.
HE.—Yes; you know misfortunes never comesingle.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE REASON WHY.

MR. GOTHAM (of New York).—I am never so happy as when I am in Philadelphia.
MR. QUAY-KERR (of Philadelphia).—I am so pleased to hear you say so.
MR. GOTHAM.—Yes; I am so happy I don't have to live here.

10 TIMES OUT OF 10

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.

ALL OF THEM CHOSE



Standard of the World.

Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. And the Journal bought ten Columbias. Paid \$100 each for them, too. On even terms a Columbia is chosen

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STANDARD TYPEWRITER

continues to lead everywhere.

327 Broadway, New York.



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HE RESENTED THE ASSERTION.
"They say that you're the logical candidate, anyhow," said the politician's wife, in a tone of pleasure.
"Well, don't you believe 'em," was the emphatic reply. "I am in this fight to win."—*Washington Star.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

Popular for half a century, this safe and delightful dentifrice has been warmly recommended (in letters) by such well-known people as Alwina Valleria, Marie Roze, Emilie Ambre, Rose Coghlan



Annie Robe, Marie Aimee, Emma Abbott, and a host of others. To-day, **Sozodont** is as pure and popular as it ever was. Try it and see **why**. The Proprietors, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York, will send a small sample, free, if you mention Puck.

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GOUT?

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Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
Liver, and all Uric
Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

NOT THE RIGHT ANSWER.

MRS. YEERGER (who is an Episcopalian, catechising her children).—What is the outward or visible form of baptism.

LITTLE GIRL OF SEVEN.—The baby.
—*Texas Sifter.*

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IS
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to be made this year! Chances excellent
for those we prepare by mail. Particu-
lars as to salaries, dates, etc., free, if you
mention PUCK. National Correspondence
Institute, Washington, D. C.

A QUESTION UN-
SETTLED.
FARMER'S WIFE.—
What does the
weather indications in
the paper say?
DAUGHTER.—Clear
and warm.
"What does the
Almanac say?"
"Wind and storm."
"Well, it do beat all
how these scientists
disagree."—*New York*
Weekly.

ABOUT all that sing-
ing lessons do for a
girl is to decide for
her whether she has a
voice for soprano or
alto.—*Atchison*
Globe.

JAGGS.—Why is it
everyone laughs at a
fool?

SNAGGS.—They
don't; some one was
trying to humor you.
—*Adams Freeman*.

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**SKIN
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a speedy cure in every form of torturing,
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ARTFULNESS.

MISS ADA POSE.—What
did those artist friends of
yours mean by saying the
picture lacked necessary flor-
idness and breadth of
treatment?

D'AUBER.—Oh,
that was merely art
jargon inspired by
their jealousy at my
securing so life-like a
portrait of so fair a
sitter!

EVERY married man
realizes that he talked
too much during his
engagement.—*Atch-
ison Globe*.

For bracing the Nervous System Bromo-Seltzer

There is no
Remedy
the equal of

IN THE COURSE OF
EVENTS.

"Say, Chimmy," he
said, thoughtfully, as
he gazed at the golf
players, "dere 's no
telling 'what dese swells
'll do."

"W'at 's de matter
wit' 'em now?"

"Look at 'em an'
see. Dey 're playin'
shinny. Dey 'll be
shootin' marbles an'
flyin' kites next."
—*Washington Star*.

We recommend the
use of Dr. Siegert's An-
gostura Bitters to our
friends who suffer from
dyspepsia.

A FATEFUL TITLE.
THEATRICAL
MANAGER (to appli-
cant for position).—Do
you think you would
make a good walking
gentleman?

ACTOR (suspicious-
ly).—Um—er—how
far West are you go-
ing? — *New York*
Weekly.

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most severe critical test by the highest musical
talent in the world.

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light on this road
now," explained the
conductor, the other
evening, to a com-
muter.

"Well, I think it
would be improved if
it was lighter," was
the passenger's reply,
as he held his evening
paper nearer the dim
oil lamp. — *Yonkers*
Statesman.

MOTHERS BEWARE AND
USE MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for chil-
dren teething. It soothes
the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind-
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents
a bottle.

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n't sand enough to re-
fuse a Leap-Year pro-
posal, deserves the
kind of a wife he will
get.—*Atchison Globe*.

SINGLE blessedness
is a deal like an opera
glass, depending
largely from which
end you view it. —
Adams Freeman.

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on all
Sterling Bicycles
BUILT LIKE A
WATCH
Send
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If not, why not? No other wheels in
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EMINENT PHYSICIAN'S CLERK. — Shall I make out Mr. Younghusband's bill and send it to him?
EMINENT PHYSICIAN (a man with a soft heart). — Well, no; not yet. He seems to be in a seventh heaven over the arrival of that baby, and I hate to intrude on his innocent joy. — *New York Weekly*.

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Baco-Curo Directions are clear: "Use all the Tobacco you want until Baco-Curo notifies you to stop."

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Baco-Curo Does the Curing. Its Competitors do the Blowing.

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TOO DEEP.

CUSTOMER. — Can you take the name Maud off this ring and substitute Annabel?

JEWELER. — Yes, but it will cost something, the name is cut so deep.

"All right; but don't cut it so deep next time."

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JIM-CRACKS

Being **PUCK'S** Best Things About the Mixed and Motley Multitude.

SHE. — Since Folsome took to bicycling, I suppose he is often seen on the road?
HE. — Yes; I saw him there five times within a mile, the other day. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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Baby cried,
Mother sighed,
Doctor prescribed: **Castoria!**

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Hartford Tires are the Standard Single Tubes
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India Pale Ale.

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WHY—
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FILING PUCK, 75 Cents.
By Mail, 90 Cents.
Address, H. WIMMEL, PUCK Building, New York.

OPERATOR.—You will have to get the wires repaired before I can send any more messages. The wind storm got the wires all out of order.

MANAGER.—Storm! Why, there were n't any storm!

OPERATOR.—Oh, but there was, and it is still raging. Corbett and Fitzimmons are still at it.—*Norristown Herald.*

In Boston 31,250 pies are consumed in a single day. This shows that very few Boston people miss breakfast.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE genealogical tree does n't look so handsome after a halter has been discovered in connection with a limb.—*Adams Freeman.*

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER

A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE

IS PERFECTION

SEND 10c FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE

PRICES
1 lb 1.30 1/4 lb 40c

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CATALOGUE FREE
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AN APT PUPIL.
DOCTOR.—The trouble with you is that you don't take enough exercise. Take more.

BLINKS.—Thanks. How much do I owe you?

DOCTOR.—Two dollars. Here is your change. Much obliged. Heigho! I don't feel very well, myself.

BLINKS.—You take too much exercise, Doctor. Take less. Two dollars, please.

—*New York Weekly.*

KIND WORDS.
ETTA.—I heard quite a compliment paid you this morning.

ANITA.—What was it, dear?

ETTA.—I was told that I was n't much better looking than you.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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With our new cartridge system the modern photographer loads and unloads his camera in broad daylight—presses the button—and "we do the rest". It's the refinement of photographic luxury. The cartridge system is applied to our latest products:

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KODAKS, KODAKETS, BULLETS, BULLS-EYE,	\$5.00 \$100.00	Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.
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Send for Catalogue.

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Sleep,
Sound and Refreshing
visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

It is a food drink—the greatest aid to nature in building up the weakened system—a flesh producer and blood vitalizer. The palatable nutriment of pure malt and hops.

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THE revivalist approached the melancholy-looking detective, and in a kind, sympathetic voice said: "My good man, have you found the way to heaven?"

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56 Pages
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In Colors and in
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All Dealers.



"SAY, Mama, it's awful hard work fishin', ain't it?"

"No, dear."

"Then why does Papa always have to stay in bed the next day, and rest?"—*Truth.*



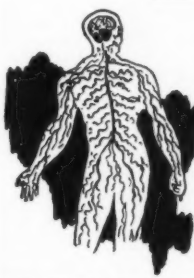
THE LATEST POPULAR SONG.
(As Sung by Glad Hand Harry.)

WHILE strolling down the street one eve upon mere pleasure bent, 'T was after business worries of the day, I saw a guileless farmer—in him I recognized 'An easy mark, a come-on and a jay. "Is that you, Smith?" I said to him. He stopped and blandly smiled. "You're wrong," he said; "my name is Brown, b' gosh!" To the joint then I steered him, the gold brick soon was sold, And at parting thus I spoke unto the Josh: "Just tell them that you saw me," I said; "they'll know the rest. Just tell them I was looking well, you know; Just whisper, if you get a chance, to all your friends and say, I've done you as I did them long ago."

TOBACCO - TWISTED NERVES.

The Unavoidable Result of the Continued Use of Tobacco.

Is there a Sure, Easy and Quick Way of Obtaining Permanent Relief from the Habit?



Millions of men think they need stimulants, because their nerves are set on fire by tobacco. The persistent abuse to which the tobacco-user subjects his nerves can not possibly fail to make weak the strongest man. Chewing and smoking destroy manhood and nerve-power. What you call a habit is a nervous disease.

Tobacco in the majority of cases deadens the feelings. You may not think tobacco hurts you, but how are you ever going to tell how much better you would feel without it, unless you follow the advice of Postmaster Holbrook:

CURED 49 CASES OUT OF 50.

HOLBROOK, Nev., June 13.

Gentlemen—The effects of No-To-Bac are truly wonderful! I had used tobacco for forty-three years, a pound plug a week. I used two boxes of No-To-Bac, and have had no desire for tobacco since. I gave two boxes of No-To-Bac to a man named West, who had used tobacco for forty-seven years, and two boxes to Mr. Whiteman, and neither of them have used tobacco since and say they have no desire for it. Over fifty that I know of have used No-To-Bac through my influence, and I only know of one case where it did not cure, and then it was the fault of the patient.

I was 64 years old last week. I have gained seventeen pounds in flesh since I quit the use of tobacco. You can use this letter, or any part of it, as you wish.

Yours respectfully,
C. E. HOLBROOK, P. M.

You say it is wonderful. Indeed, it is. No-To-Bac cured over 300,000 cases just as bad. You can be made well and strong by No-To-Bac. Your own druggist guarantees a cure. Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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Patented Nov. 3d, 1891,
was exclusively used in the
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Whist League Tournaments, at
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Once a devotee of Whist tries
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game has no further charms.
At dealers or direct from
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NEW TRAIN SERVICE TO KANSAS CITY.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has just added to its service a night train in both directions on its Kansas City Division. South-bound the new train will arrive in Kansas City in the morning in ample time to make connection with the outgoing morning trains on all western and southwestern roads. Passengers for Ottumwa, Excelsior Springs, Kansas City or points south or southwest of Kansas City, will find this a most desirable route. A through sleeping car will be run between Savanna, Cedar Rapids and Kansas City, and free reclining chair car and coaches between Chicago, Savanna, Cedar Rapids and Kansas City. Meals will be served on the train en route. The agents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y and connecting lines will furnish any further information desired.

ELECTROBOLE CURES PILES, external, internal, blind, or bleeding, chronic, recent or hereditary. Sure relief. Cure in a few days, never returns, no purge, salve, suppository, knife, indelicacy or dieting. **FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.** Pamphlet mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 695, New York, N. Y.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"How strange!" said McSport; "last night I felt like a king, and to-day I feel like the deuce."—*Yale Record.*

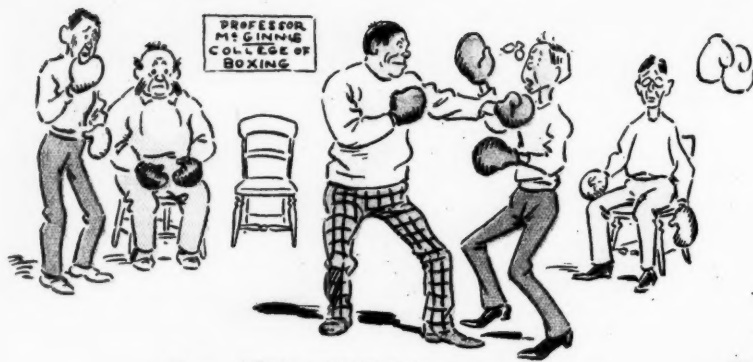
For 40 years Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has stood the test for purity and its delicious bouquet.

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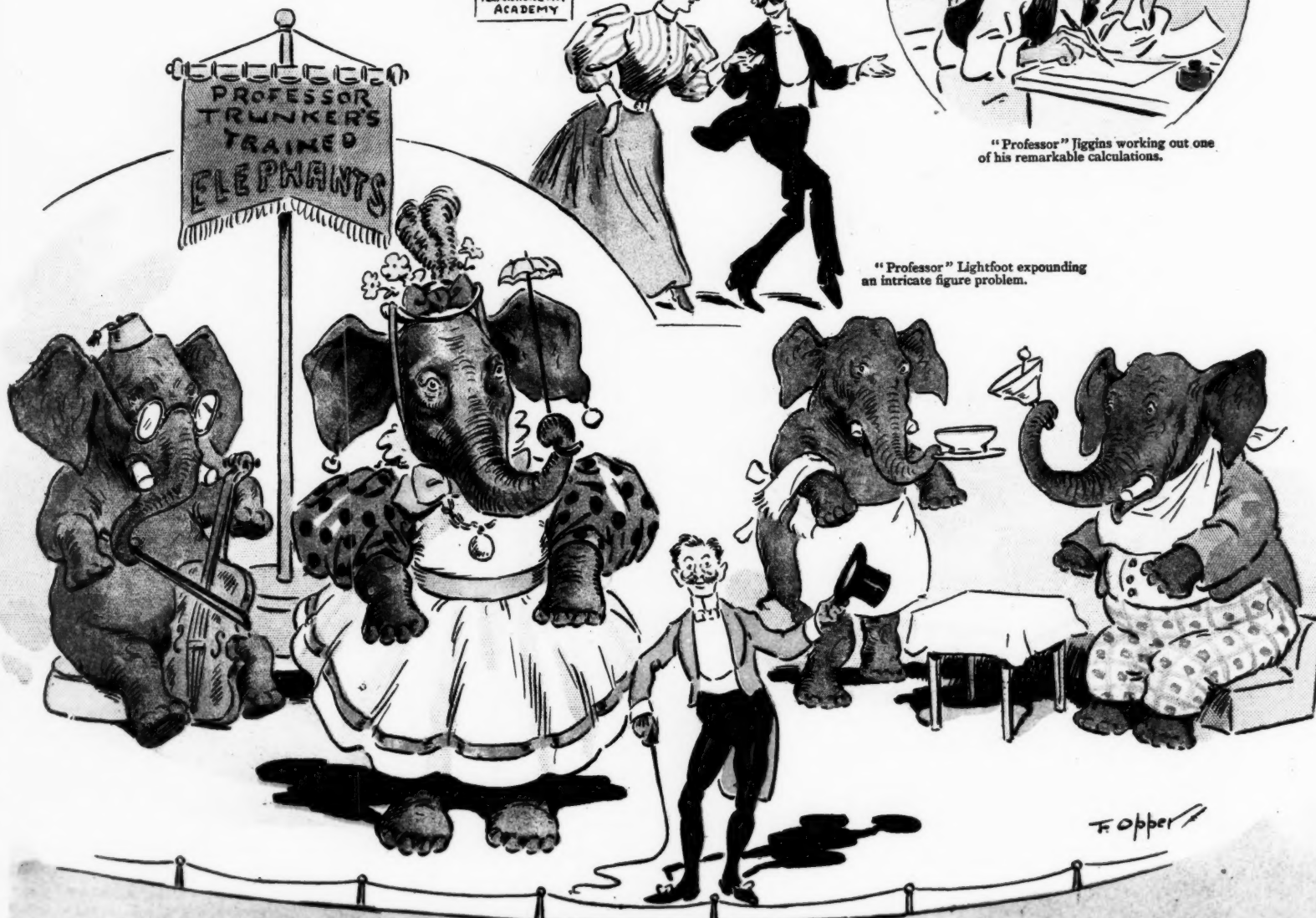


"Professor" Jiggins working out one of his remarkable calculations.

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"Professor" Lightfoot expounding an intricate figure problem.



"Professor" Trunker demonstrating some of his achievements in natural history.

THE AGE OF "PROFESSORS."